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RAPE CRISIS
30
p.
BENEFIT



When the
men came home...

Feb '85

hello!
this booklet is Really just a Collection of
thoughts/poems/statements/ (or whatever you choose
to call them), which we thought we'd put together
so others could Read them. They are on various
subjects which we think are worth mentioning.
yes! we are trying to get messages across,
otherwise it wouldn't be worth it..... anyway
hope the messages reach you!

Much love & thanks to: Jimmie, Acon, and
everybody who is Here and not there. 

Jerry x Julie x

Proceeds will go to London Rape Crisis Centre.

the L.R.C.C. was established in early '76 to provide
a sympathetic and understanding facility that
women/girls could rely on after being raped or
sexually assaulted. the centre runs a 24-hour tele-
phone service giving emergency and ongoing support.
Rape can totally devastate a woman's life and a
large number suffer silently for fear of re-
criminations and hostility from a Patriarchal Society.
the centre's service is free and confidential.

London Rape Crisis Centre.

P.O. box 69.

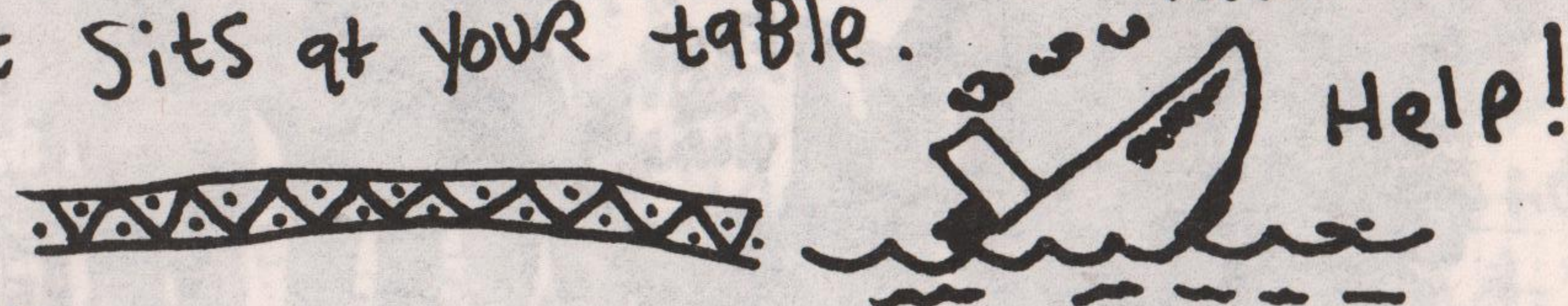
London WC1X 9NT.

tel: - 01-237 1600 (24 hours).

01-278 3956 (office)

SUNSONG.

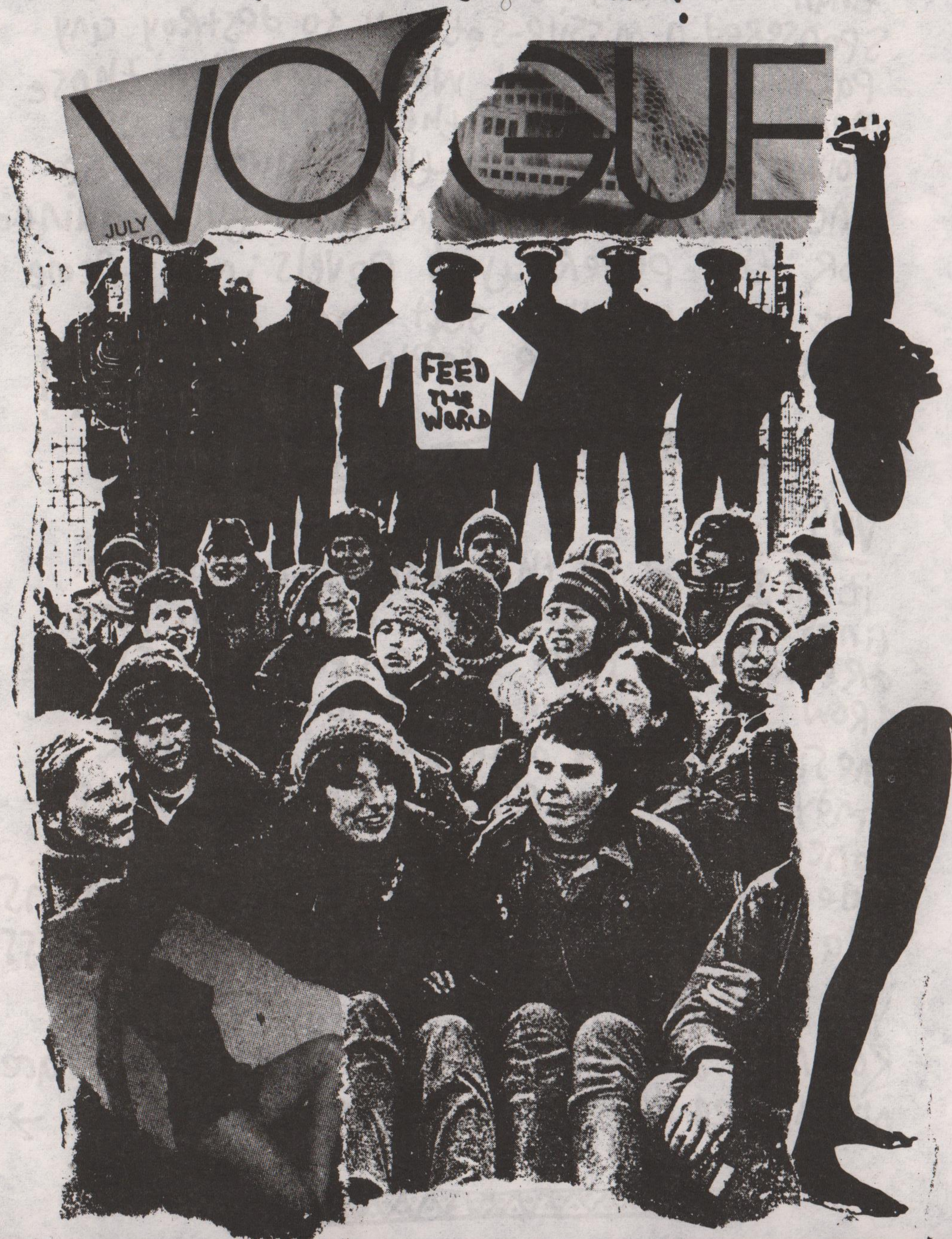
'better a thousand dead dago's said the Sun.
'than one BRITISH sailor' said the sun. as they
sponsored a missile-set sail to destroy any
Pacifist ploy that would question those
men at the top of the table. Who use
young boys to achieve their aims. 'cause
another lost boy is another buck gained.
for the paper that Revels in extreme
nationalism. the soft-porn Merchant
that sits at your table.



Vogue.

it all started in the Rose Pink NURSERY.
lines of cuddly toys and dollies in lace
dresses. 'aah isn't she sweet'. 'my she'll
grow up into a beautiful YOUNG lady'.
the Sindy doll. the pushchair. a house for
Sindy. action man for my Brothers. adoles-
cence arrives. hush. hush about the curse.
hide your LUXURY money making tampons
in a paper bag. 'we don't want to embarrass
you darling. Revlon - Rimmel. NO. 17.
rammed down our throats. smear my face
with 'beauty' products. Miss World. →

Lady Di. the epitomy of femininity. the mistress. the tart. the virgin. — my sexuality or the one you have given me?



Is this what we Really Want?

Enola Gay. It's Zola's day. Watch the bullet fly into Policewoman Yvonne Fletcher. TURN ON the video, I missed it. the day after. It's a good job that things like that don't really happen. (HA..HA.. those BBC writers don't half come up with some FUNNY FILMS!) Don't those scenes of burning children look Real! the t.v. serves many purposes. It keeps us happy while our oppressors play with our lives. the news often spews out more starving Africans burning to death in the glare of the t.v. lights. water? there's swimming on channel 4! I'm bored with the miners... turn it over love, there's a good Rape film on the other side. or there's Jim 'Yeah the blacks are o.k.' Davidson prattling on about the Falklands.....!



FERGUSON TX



Siberia.

the vision of cruise arriving on British soil has long been forgotten. the public seems to have gone along with Uncle Sam's decision to allow missiles to be deployed in this country. We've allowed the government to prepare us for the nuclear holocaust. We've fallen for the old story that 'Big Brother's gonna give us protection. (shit!). We fail to realise that cruise is already killing people. the sick. the elderly. the homeless. We're all feeling the cold grey wisdom gladly handed out by this crazy government. As more money is poured into the defence budget, it is the innocent who suffer. hospitals can no longer afford to nurse the dying back to health. so the doctors prescribe more drugs for the public to get jacked-up on. more Valium for the housewife. We have accepted the most dangerous weapon ever onto our soil. the compassion of the Greenham Women was taken as a mere token gesture of 'girly emotion'.

The idiot Heseltine conjures up visions of the great Russian invasion. making the 'commie' just another objectification. but aren't we living in a cold Siberia already?



freedom.

black man dances on golden beaches. white man drives limousine. bullet-proof. tinted windows. electric. (of course!) eating caviar. drinks champagne (blood). black man drinks petrol. eats car fumes. dances on white man's beach. goes to prison. 22 years. national security. white man counts diamonds. black man counts days. white man dances on gold. black man digs uranium. (in shit conditions). He's underpaid too!! Rotting at the roasting. White man reaps the profits. as do Rio Tinto Zinc. as does the British government. who buy from R.T.Z. for the death machines. Vickers trickers life fuckers. Black man digs uranium. dies. sulphuric poisoning. +B. more death for 'defence' (Bollocks!). white man dances on diamonds. black woman builds another grave. Britain builds another bomb!



Boycott the products of
APARTHEID.....

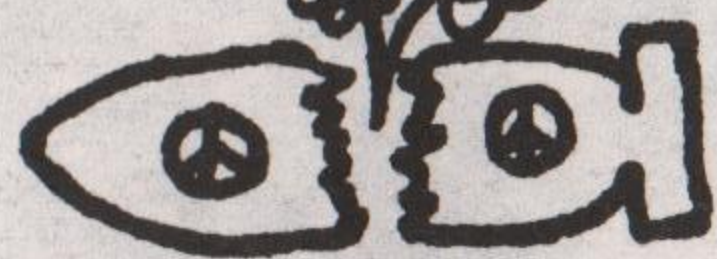
War.



When the men came home from the Falklands WAR. they limped and they crawled onto the shore. a jubilant hero home from foreign lands. he carried home his bloody splashed body in plastic bags.

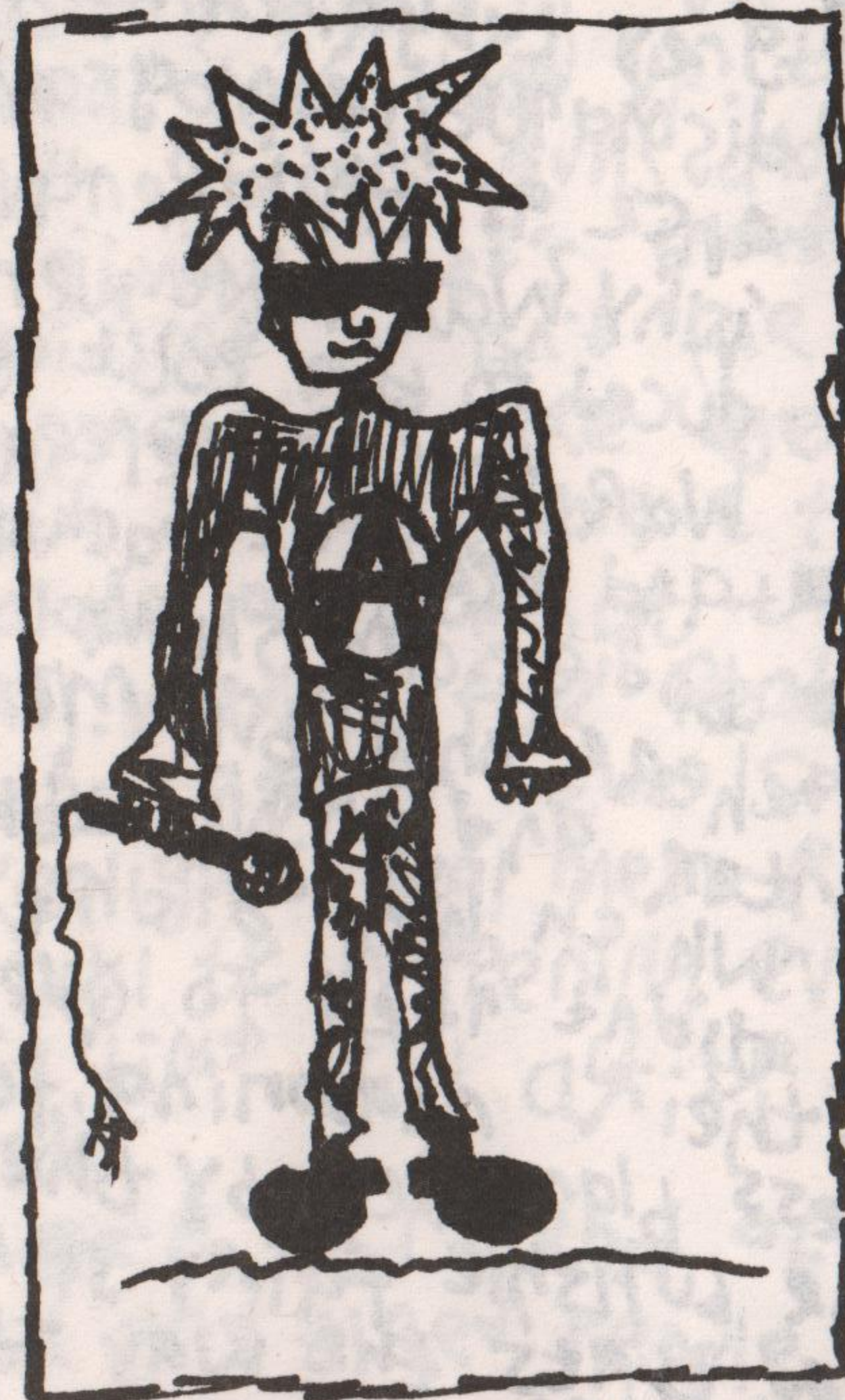
a message to those involved in the War Machine.

dear friends. We ask you to give up your filthy work. Pick up the tools for peace and work for a world which has no barriers. no fences. a world for your children to enjoy - without the constant threat of war overlooking them. War or peace? it's your choice



the choice is no longer between violence and non-violence. It is either non-violence or non-existence.

Martin Luther King.



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE.

If you find it difficult to see any difference, then you're right. You see there isn't any. They're both wearing a uniform!





the adult Conspiracy.

the adult Conspiracy. a grey labyrinth of possess/dismantle/re-programme/so once as children we asked 'why war'? we were introduced to the politics of the war toy. and separations. and fear of each others bodies. and shown places where only 'big men' could enter. and shown other

divisions and barriers which we 'didn't need' to know. they said we didn't need to question! So we took it for fact - their reasoning. for granted. our inquisitiveness blanketed by their cold grey wisdom. believed the bullshit fairy stories - 'that's the way things are'. that's the way things have always been. their wisdom. 'is that the way things'll stay forever? as a male I was subjected to both mental and physical conditioning. as a female I was subjected to both mental and physical conditioning.

AS PEOPLE WE WERE SEPERATED BY A SICK PATRIARCHAL SYSTEM...

the story told us many years ago. in the school where 'peace education' is said to be 'too political'. but history lessons were

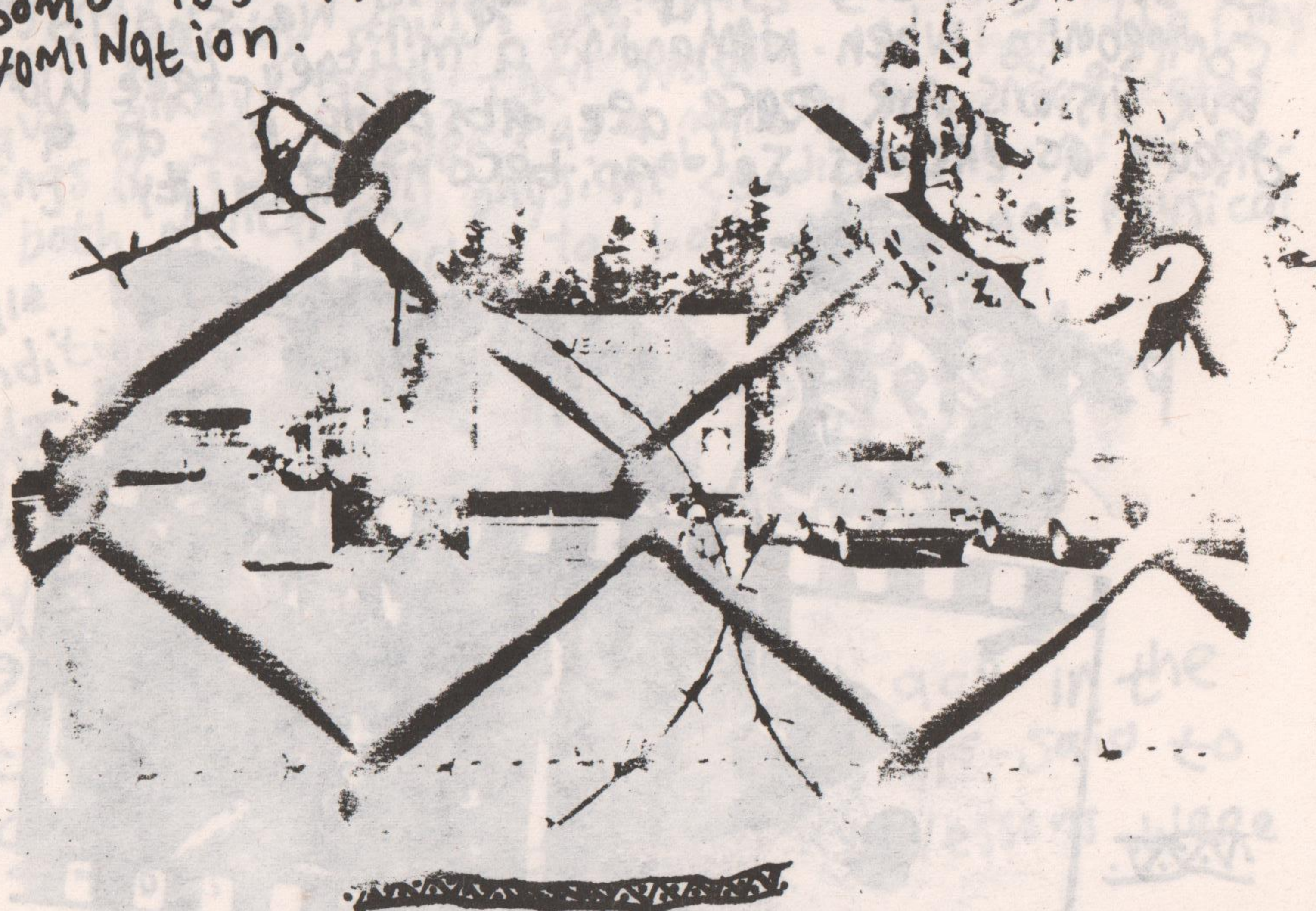
always full of stories of the 'glorious' war. where 'our' country beat 'their' country. and 'their' country played dirty tricks. then after school with history fresh in our heads it's 'let's play Hiroshima! let's blow up the street! let's play war! with plastic guns and a bazooka's it's let's shoot Jimmy... let's blow his fucking head off! but this time it isn't for real. (the army recruitment offices are eager to snatch young boys from the dole queue to serve them up on the plate of war, at the table of the blood suckers). War is for real. it happened a couple of years ago in the South Atlantic. it's happening now. Real guns. Real men. Real blood. Soon it'll be happening everywhere. but this time it'll all be over in seconds.

I'm sick and tired of listening to sick and tired people saying we should compromise when demanding a military-free world. our visions for peace are absolute. not as a dream as dreams seldom become reality.

Mr Paterson, whose career with the Royal Marines ended when he trod on an enemy mine, said: "In the morning my leg swells and I feel as if I've walked three miles just to get to my car



the Reds
 they've instilled the fear of commie invasion. the RUSKies are coming. but just take a look around you. We're already on the front line. 102 U.S. bases surround us. the great invasion has begun. the commies/Reds/the bear. the red threat? I feel threatened when I see those sterile fences! the U.S.A. threat. RUSSIA wants to dominate the earth. those commie bastards want to take-over MR. PRESIDENT. Vietnam was great. the great crusade against the communist threat. thousands dead. Kids danced to NADAM and were then raped by the great UNCLE SAM. the Reds must be stopped. whatever the cost. Now they've got the bomb it's mass extermination for global domination.



the greatest show on earth?

'ladies and gentlemen - step this way for the greatest show on earth!' get in line for the shower. Ready to play? turn a tap. children laying helpless. no faces. branded.

'CANT YOU REALISE THEY'RE BUILDING ANOTHER AUSCHWITZ?'

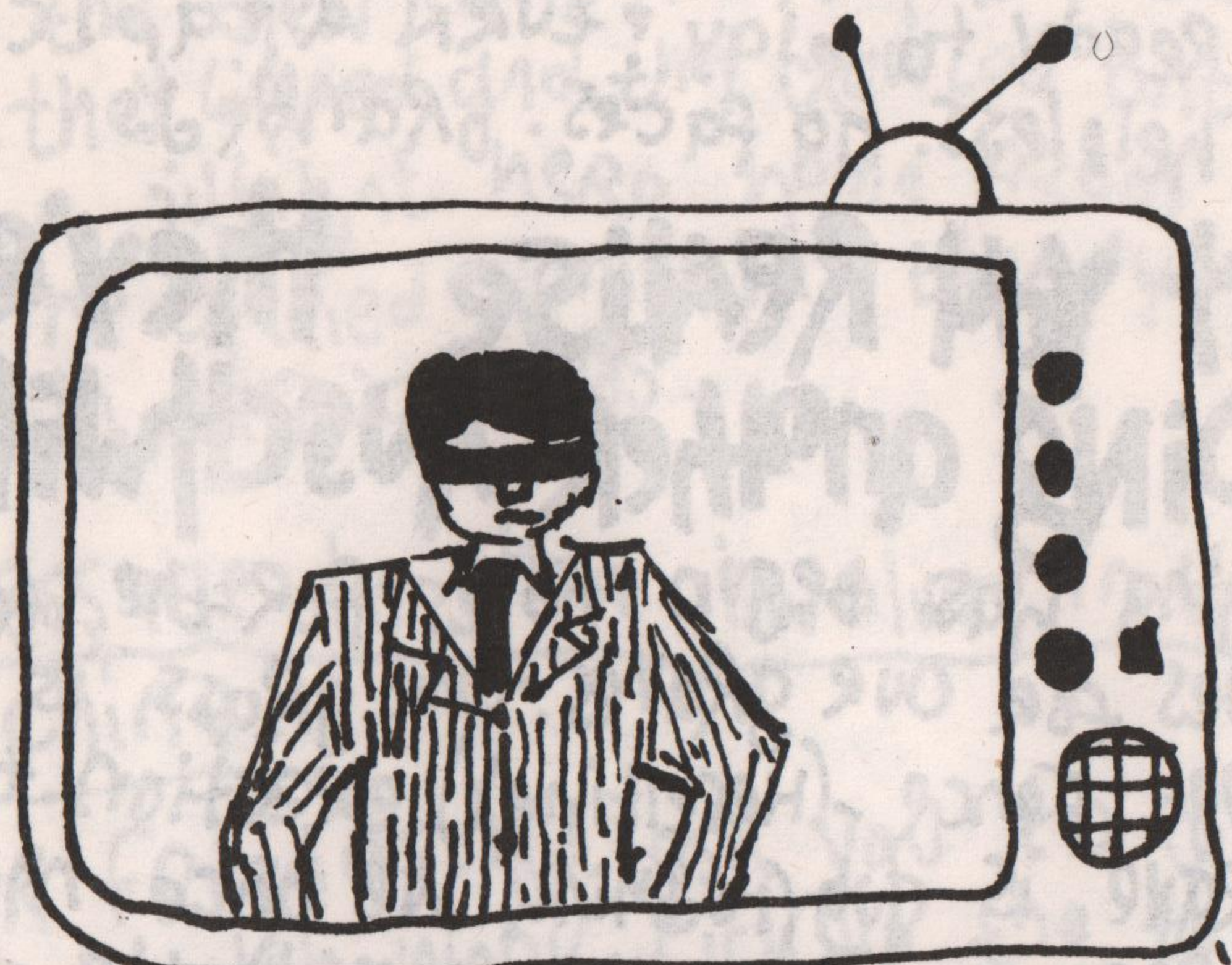
the digging has begun. holes for the fence posts. holes for our graves. the grass is cut. dirt dug. Fence (Heseltine's) erection. the mass grave is dug (to think we once marched here screaming 'ban the bomb'). We carry on regardless. OUR mouths and eyes closed. OVER OUR heads (our dead bodies) in flies another death machine. another inch to Heseltine's penis. another turn of the tap. another bullet that rips the flesh of another irish child. the bullet in the heart of the dove....

another fucking filthy bomb.

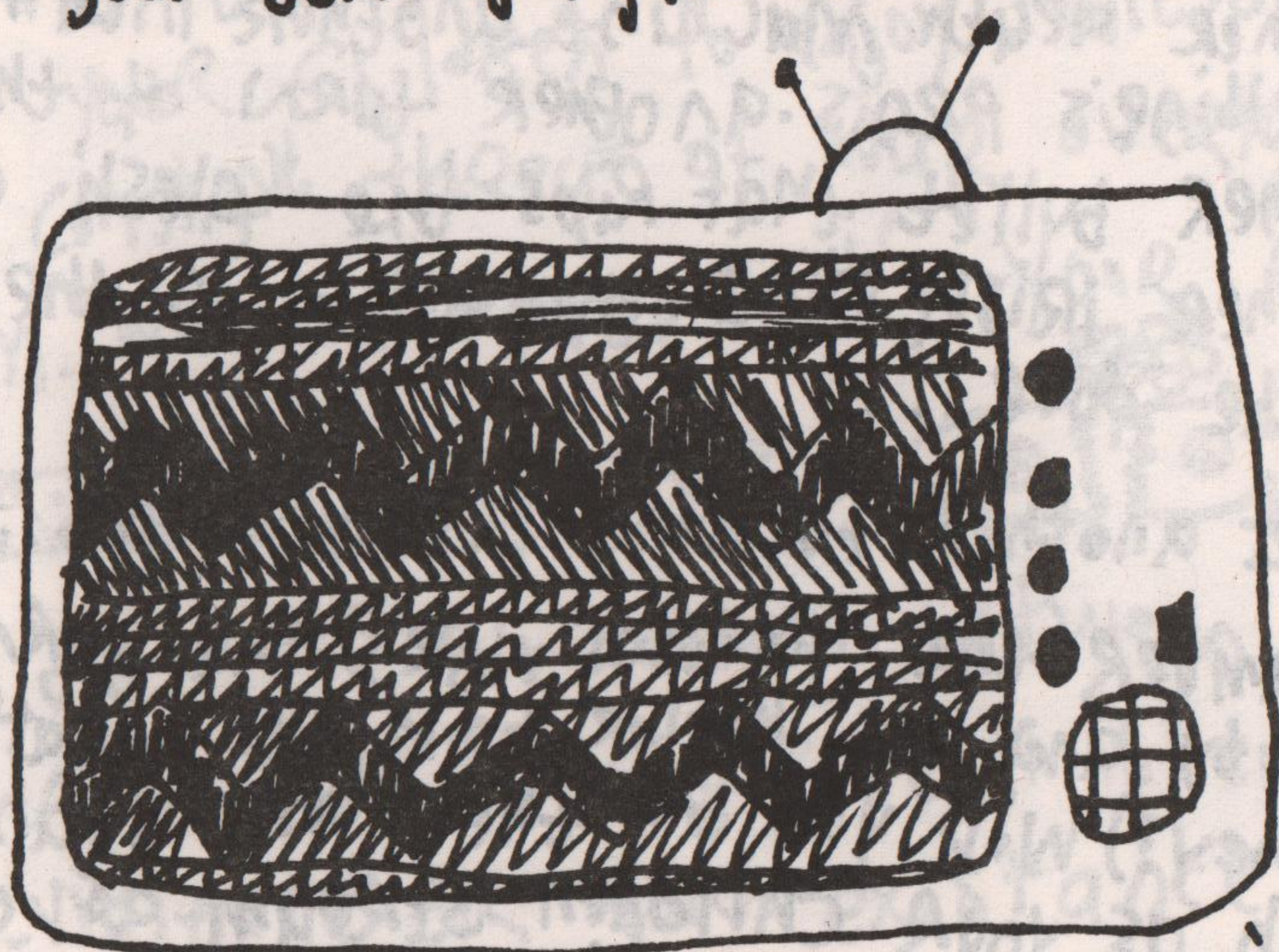
'Remember the 'glorious' WAR? the germans stood by and let Hitler build the death camps. (did they?) Will you do the same. stand and watch as your children SCREAM as our leaders fuck them with Radiation?

Will you watch the fences go up?

WAKE UP!



We interrupt this programme to
bring you the nuclear holocaust...
...er... we hope it doesn't spoil
your Sunday night viewing.....



.....er...um... too much!

OUR ELVIS.

More records. More tapes.
More **bombs.**



OUR ELVIS

OUR ELVIS WAS MADE FROM LOTS OF BITS OF animal fat. brylcreem. SUGAR. and gun-fire. THANKS TO THE RECORD INDUSTRY WE HAD SOMEONE TO FOCUS ALL OUR LOVE ON. DEAR OLD ELVIS. THE KING OF ROCK 'N' ROLL. BUT POPSTARS DON'T JUST APPEAR. THEY ARE MANUFACTURED TO FIT IN WITH THE LATEST FASHION. THEY ARE PRODUCTS OF A MULTI-BILLION POUND INDUSTRY. AN INDUSTRY THAT ISN'T REALLY INTERESTED IN SONGWORDS. (UNLESS THEY ARE ABOUT HOMOSEXUALITY. IN THAT CASE THEY ARE USUALLY BANNED) ALL THE RECORD COMPANIES ARE INTERESTED IN IS PROFIT. AS WELL AS MANUFACTURING PLASTIC PUNK POP IDOLS. WHO'S DIETS CONSISTS OF CAVIAR, CHAMPAGNE AND YOUNG GIRLS. THE COMPANIES ARE INTERESTED IN MANUFACTURING OTHER 'PRODUCTS'. THEY TRY TO HIDE THIS BY RELEASING RECORDS ABOUT 'LOVE', 'PEACE', AND EVEN 'ANTI-WAR' SONGS.

'WAR - WAR IS STUPID' - CULTURE CLUB.
MOST MAJOR RECORD COMPANIES MANUFACTURE AND EXPORT WEAPONS OF WAR. AMONG THEM THE MASSIVE RECORD SELLER THORN-E.M.I. THESE SHITS MAKE MILLIONS PROFIT FROM THE TORTURED VICTIMS MISERY. AS FRANKIE SAYS 'RELAX' ANOTHER LOST BOY IS BAYNOTED BY THE MICROPHONE. THE ROLLING STONES SCREAM

ALL PROCEEDS OF THIS VIDEO COMPILATION ARE TO ASSIST FAMINE RELIEF IN ETHIOPIA.

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as does the rolling South african gunned down by the telecaster.

Mc/CARTNEY STRUMS FOR PEACE AS THE ARGENTINIAN WIDOW WEEPS AS SHE LOOKS AT THE PICTURE OF HER LONG ROTTED HUSBAND. AS PLASTIC NOSED WHAM STRUT THE STAGE WITH 6" SHUTTLECOCKS DOWN THEIR SHORTS. OUT COME THE METAL-TIPPED BAMBOO CANES IN INDIA TO CONTROL THE PEASANTS. E.M.I. MILLIONAIRES - DURAN DURAN SOAK UP THE SUN IN THE BAHAMAS AS AN IRISH CHILD WRITHES TO THE TUNE WITH A PLASTIC BULLET LODGED IN HER HEAD. AND MALCOM MACLAREN HIP-HOPS TO THE SOUND OF GERMAN STUDENTS DANCING AND SINGING TO THE SONGS OF THE WATER

Cannon.

As geldof collects his award for

Feeding the world. the billionaire record company bosses spew up more starving children for us to Boogie with.
Now that's what i call Music..... ♪

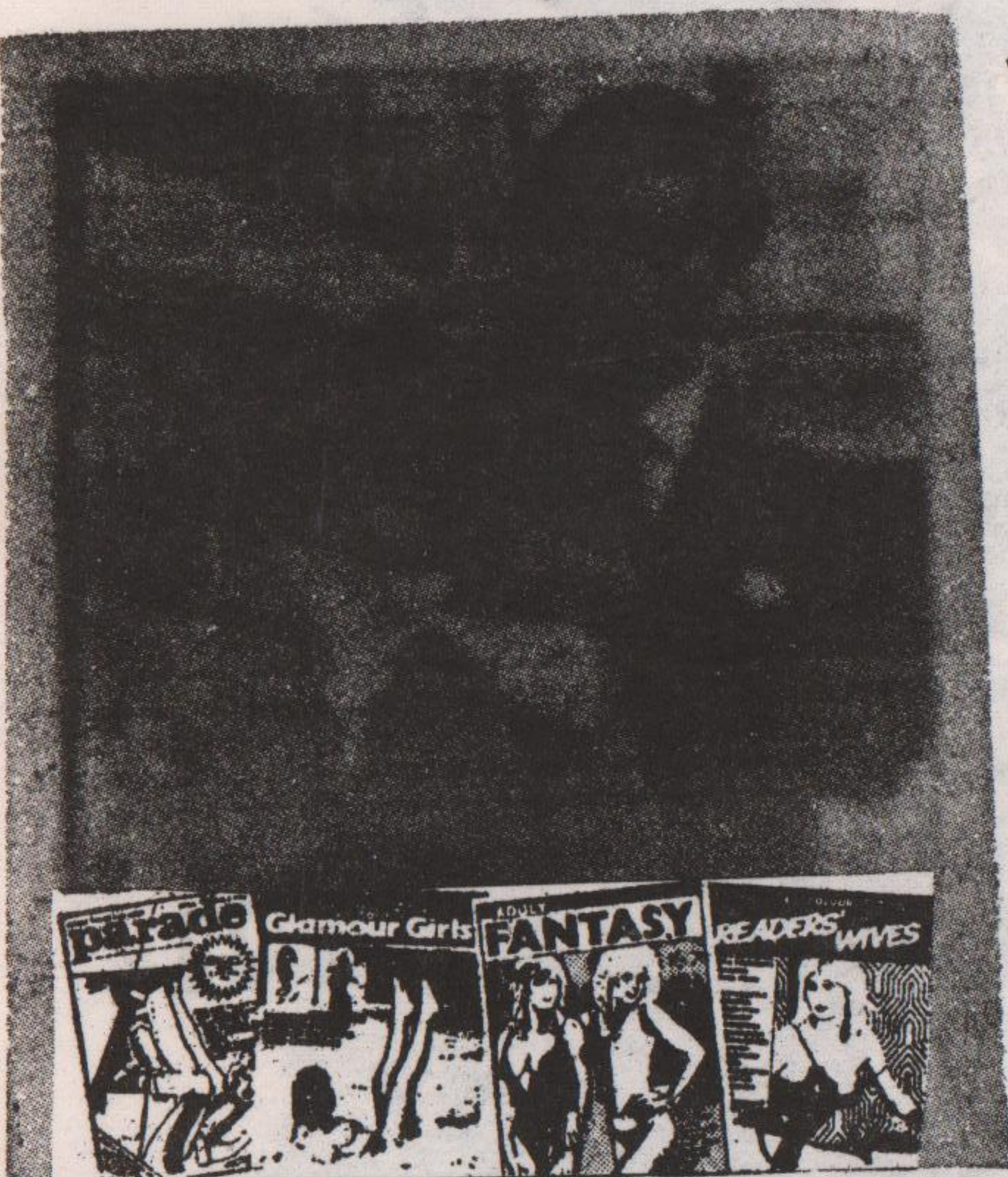
OWN	Howard Jones (WEA)	7	13
'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC IV	Big Country (Mercury)	9	16
	Various (EMI-Virgin)	4	23
H TO DIE	Eurythmics (Virgin)	9	2
RAID OF...	Ramones (Beggars Banquet)	11	18
INCE II	Art Of Noise (ZTT)	2	24
TARY INVASION	Various (Dolby)	3	33

13 SE...
14 NIGHT
15 SHAFT
16 LOVE
17...

Rape.

'She deserved it'. Short skirt. No bra. Walking alone at night. 'Should of had a fella with her'. (Protection?) Removes the blame from man. Woman. Used. in the street. in the home. 'affectionately' pinched by the Boss. fathers Raping daughters. ignored. hidden. laughed at. after all it's only strangers in dark alleys who Rape Women and girls. NEVER father. brother. Lover. husband. Rape sells newspapers. (look at the sun!) the penis. the porsche. the fazooka. Confirmation of masculinity. garters. mini-skirt. to service his every need (?) Male power. the hunter. Woman's Surrender. the hunted. the victim. delect. lies. nice girls - NO! whores - yeah! Ready for the taking. Rape. Property.

POWER. wealth. women to sell newspapers. fags. beer. bingo. Records... (and on and on...) Cheap labour. pipe. slippers. t.v. dinner. ('ta love!) laughed at. Reality. battered chatters. PRICK. POWER. PROPERTY. RAPE.



DREAM SELLERS.

We won't look towards the dream sellers asking for our hope to become reality. But we must work together towards a peaceful world where we can all be free. We must start now before it is all over. They have a bomb. they have a law. We only have ourselves. We must intervene on all levels. Resist. Protest. Say No.

but agreeing is just
Not enough!

